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To Helen Salter

My Own



* Poem by
RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Music by
RUDOLPH GRUEN

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Dreamily

You are the eve - ning cloud, Float - ing in the

sky of my dreams, I

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mf slightly hurried

paint you and fash-ion you, ev - er with my love

mf slightly hurried

rit.

f tempo I

long - ings, You are my own, my

tempo I

sf

ff

own, Dwell - er in my end - less

p *rit.*

ff

p *rit.*

pp tempo I *p*

dreams, Your feet are ro - sy

mf

red, With the glow of my heart's de - sire,

p *f*

Glean - er of my sun - set songs, Your lips are bit - ter

sweet, With the taste of my wine of pain,

ff *very first and brilliant*

You are my own;

ff *tempo I*

Dwell - er in my lone - some dreams,

rit. *pp* *tempo I*

Freely and dramatically

With the shadow of my pas-sion have I dark - ened your

eyes, Haunt - er of the depth of my

gaze, I have caught you and

rit.

wrapt you, in the net of my mu - sic,

rit.

f tempo I

You are my own, my own, ———

fff

sf tempo I

fff

8.....

p

pp

Dwell - er in my death - less dreams. ———

p

pp

